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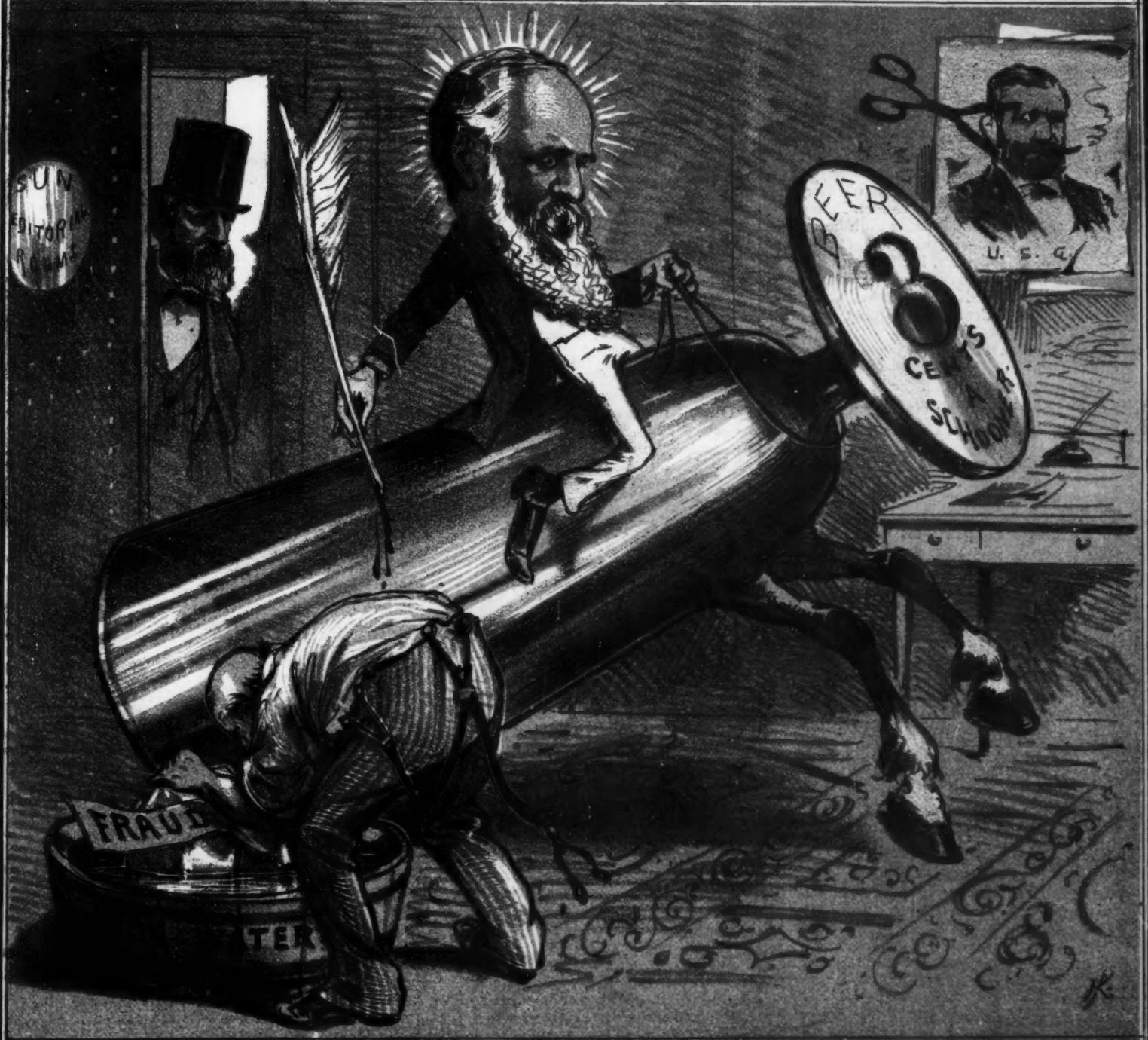
"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

SUCK

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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OFFICE N° 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



THE MODERN GAMBRINUS RIDING HIS LATEST HOBBY.

DANA—"That's right, Doctor Wood! Put that "Fraud" away to cool a while. We *must* have something fresh in the paper!"
HAYES (overhearing)—"Now, I hope I'll be forgotten for a while."

"P U C K "

No. 13 North William Street, New York

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H. C. BUNNER.....MANAGING EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

PUCK may be had in Saratoga at BRENTANO'S new store, opposite Congress Park.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch", "Fun" and "Judy", will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

CARTOONS.

DANA the Terrible—may his tribe increase:
And emigrate—is slightly gone on Beer.
The spirit that lurks within its amber clear
Has taken hold of him. As from old Greece
Bold Jason voyaged for the Golden Fleece,
So through the sea of Lager doth he steer—
Our newer Jason—knowing naught of fear:
Seeking, *chez* Hollender, Pfaff, Koster, Thiess,
The Five-Cent Schooner—nay, nor will he cease
Till the Teutonic Kellner, crushed and awed,
With Three-Cent Seidel woos the victor's
smile.
Meantime, with faint fond hopes of possible
peace,
He on whose brow is set the Stamp of Fraud
Murmurs: "I'm safe, now, for a little while."

Lo, bearing up a world whose grandeur pales
The burden of old Atlas into naught,
Bent to a mightier task than his who fought
The Nemean monster: his who braved the gales
Of the mad Hellespont: his whose venturous
sails
First the sea-breeze through Hercules' pillars
caught—
A mightier than all these—mightier than
aught
Attempted yet—he struggles up, nor fails,
Despite the cynic world that 'round him rails.
With feet unfaltering, and untiring hands,
And hopeful resolution in his face,
The Founder of the Reading Room for Males,
And Females, aged but aggressive stands
With one air-cushion on his awful base.

LIKE to that "Villain" of the Ethiop stage
Who "still pursued" his victim as she fled,
We hear of thee, O Howard! at the head
Of mighty legions, filled with noble rage,
Seeking thy thirst for go-ar to assuage
At the expense of myriads savage-bred.
We do not hear that thou hast freely bled,
O Howard! We do not. For thou art sage—
Thou drawest regular thy monthly wage
But the gay dispatch thou drawest not so mild.
Not that we think thou writest eastward lies!
Far from it. He has read on History's page
He fears a Freedmen's Bank in the western
wild,
And the carmine epidermis turns and flies.

Puckerings.

SUN-STROKE—dog daze.

STERN necessity—the rudder.

VOSBURGHIANA is what one of our exchanges
heads a wife-poisoning article.

THESE are the days when the unwary fly
Gets intermingled with the cherry pie.

IF Lucretia Borgia were living now, the probabilities are that she would be a minister.

A SMALL-BOY and a gun are harmless when apart, but they make a terrific combination.

WHEN a man buys gold, he generally gets full weight, but this is seldom the case when he purchases ice.

IF it cost anything to go to church, people who never go now would run around like wild men for free passes.

TRAMPS may not be so polite and refined as the residents of Fifth Avenue, but then they are not so loud and vulgar in their dress.

MEN who understand the science of cause and effect are at a loss to know why horse-car conductors have such a passion for amethyst rings.

THE virtues of patent medicines may be thoroughly appreciated by reading newspaper encomiums, but this is not the case with sherry cobblers.

PEOPLE who pronounce it snout
Instead of the more vulgar snoot,
Somehow, instead of saying route,
Say route.

ONE of the most disgusting things known is to have a vest which hasn't sufficient longitude to enable it to connect with the trousers, especially when the shirt billoweth between the two.

NOTHING tries the patience of a man more than to be sitting on a sofa in a dark room with a pretty girl, and be compelled to listen to her brother giving the history of a base-ball club.

IF a man wants a hundred-dollar diamond ring, he can purchase it no matter where he may be; but when he needs a postal card he may run his legs off in vain and not be able to find one.

"DR. CARVER can knock a hole in a silver dollar every time." So can we, every time we take our girl for a walk down a street that boasts an ice-cream saloon—and a deuced big hole it is, too.

THE smile with which a man puts his name down for a book, contrasts wonderfully with the expression which crests his countenance when the agent calls to deliver said book and demand payment for it.

WHEN a man is reading advertisements in search of a situation, and suddenly discovers that luxurious board can be obtained in the mountains and at the seaside for ten dollars a week—There's no use of trying to analyze his feelings.

No boy of the period will admit that he has acquired a sufficient degree of toughness, until he can smoke through his nose without choking.

WHEN a man has a hole in the toe of one of his socks, and is pulling on a tight boot, and the sock works up around his instep, then it is time to ask him his private opinion of Pantheism as an orthodox doctrine.

IF a man works for a week and gets nothing for his labor, he takes it as bad luck and says nothing; but when he spends five minutes in sharpening a lead-pencil and the point breaks off, he jumps around like a madman.

NOW is the time that the fair school-teacher goeth into the country to spend her vacation and present her moral small-boy relatives with the jack-knives, balls, &c., which she has confiscated from her pupils during the year.

WHEN a man falls off a horse he goes to the hospital (if he isn't killed) and takes the whole thing in good part, but when he simply trips and falls in the street he gets up and swears and dances, and isn't himself for ten minutes.

OUR PARTICULAR FRIENDS OF THE PRESS.

Each shines with a separate splendor
Like the stars where blue heavens spread wide:
May they never grow dull, or suspend or
Get down to the patent outside.
Ere the gold of his lager-beer mellows,
Ere the foam on the schooner grows less,
PUCK pledges the jolly good fellows—
His friends of the Press.

There's his excellent ally the *Derrick*,
Whose Parodies sparkling and bright
The public receives with hysterical
Wild cachinnatory delight:
There's the jovial Norristown *Herald*,
Whose wit makes PUCK now and then guess
That they number a young Douglas Jerrold—
His friends of the Press.

There's the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*,
That has long won a well-deserved fame—
[We'd say more, but no rhythm euphonic'll
Rhyme with that two-barreled name.]
Another sheet of repute and solidity
The same happy town doth possess,
Whose coming PUCK hails with—avidity—
His friend the *Express*.

Of the classical *Hawkeye* of Burlington,
In rhyme allowed only to PUCK,
He will say: Burdette's genius is whirling't on
To better and better good luck.
And the kind Philadelphian fist of
The *Bulletin*—whom may years bless—
PUCK shakes—a name high on the list of
His friends of the Press.

Nor is it at all his intention,
Though brief is his space, to forget
To make warm complimentary mention
Of the much-esteemed Yonkers *Gazette*:
And his debts to the bright *Every Saturday*
Of Baltimore, PUCK must confess.
And to end will aver he's not flattered a
Friend of the Press.

No, indeed—most sincerely he treasures
This circle of kind-scissored friends;
He wishes each a lifetime of pleasures—
To each a frank flipper extends.
If some names are left out, now he's sung his
Light song, let him wish them success
Included with others among his
Particular friends of the Press.

A GRAND SCHEME.

Editor Puck:

Knowing that you have always taken an active interest in the public questions and problems of the day, we enclose you our circular, hoping you will give our design the favor of your support, and as much publicity as your columns will allow. We are, sir,

Yours very truly,

KILROBB & STEELE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It has long been apparent to the most careless observer that the system now in vogue, of corrupting the youth of our country, is radically inefficient. While, it is true, the sensational weekly paper, and the flashy variety show have tended largely to create in his breast those noble sentiments peculiar to highwaymen and pickpockets; while they have fired his adolescent heart with an intense desire to slay his fellow boy, to scour the plains of the Far West, to rescue distressed and mythical females from the toils of the oppressor; while they have eradicated from his mind any lingering idea he might have had of the distinction between *meum et tuum*, still they are inefficient. And why? They are merely theoretical.

Contrary to the usual system pursued in education, the practical has been totally ignored. Hence it is that we see around us youths who by proper training might have made successful, awe-inspiring bandits, engaged in rifling their mothers' bureau-drawers and their employers' cash boxes; youths who might, even now, have been red-handed and glorious murderers, go forth (owing to their utter inexperience) armed with their great-grandfather's flint-lock musket unloaded, attack solitary travelers, are captured and kept in durance vile, where they run chances of being perverted to mere namby-pamby useful citizens. And boys and girls of tender, sentimental natures, who aspire to be suicidal heroes or heroines, do they not, after writing the most heart-rending epistles, as often take ipecac as arsenic? Do they know the situation of the carotid arteries, or prussic acid from aqua pura? Of course not.

It is to remedy these defects, and place matters upon a proper footing, that we have spent the best years of our lives. We therefore take peculiar pleasure in announcing to the people of New York, and the country generally, that after the most incalculable labor we have made arrangements for opening upon the first day of September, next, our

GRAND INSTITUTION

FOR THE

PROMOTION OF TOTAL DEPRAVITY IN YOUTH,
AND THE
INCUCLATION OF FELONIOUS SENTIMENTS
IN THE MASSES.

As we anticipate a great rush for membership in our college, and will probably be unable to accommodate all who apply, we have formed the following

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

No boy admitted under ten, or over eighteen, years of age.

No boy will be admitted who has been in the habit of consistently telling the truth, or of refraining from taking things as he found them.

Each applicant must answer satisfactorily questions as to the police statistics of the country, the best mode of seeing life, the location of the principal prisons, and must have read at least six dime-novels and subscribed for at least one sensational paper.

Each pupil will be required to possess an outfit of two six-shooting revolvers, a bowie-knife, a rifle, bows and arrows, a lasso, and two packs of cards.

Each pupil will be required to smoke not less than six cigars per day, and to drink at least two quarts of beer or one pint of whisky in the same time.

The ordinary conversation of the Academy will be in thieves' Latin.

Any boy who kills another will be severely reprimanded, and any boy found setting fire to the building will be kept on bread and water for three days.

As we propose to combine the theoretical with the practical, we have adopted the following

LIST OF STUDIES:

Reading—Newgate Calendar; Lives of Highwaymen, and all the boys' papers published.

Writing—Imitations of signatures.

Burglary and Pocket-picking—Practical and theoretical.

Arson—First lessons.

Surgery—First lessons.

Together with a complete and thorough course of Slang, Billiards, Faro, Cold Decks, etc., etc.

We have secured the services of several gentlemen, eminent in the profession, who will give semi-weekly lectures upon Burglary and Piracy.

There will constantly be in attendance a corps of trained prize-fighters, punters and billiard markers, who will impart instruction to our little charges to the best of their ability. Also a band of Kickapoo Indians, who have consented to be shot at and lassoed by the pupils, at so much per day.

We have constructed several large dungeons in which will be constantly imprisoned distressed females, guarded by tall policemen. The pupils will at all times have the privilege of attempting to rescue them.

In fact, it would be impossible to enumerate all the advantages our institution will possess. Suffice it to say, that we will have every facility for turning out the most complete criminals, instead of the misguided blockheads produced by the present system; and the amount of harm we intend doing the country will be appreciated by all who honor us with a visit.

Should our experiment prove successful, we intend opening branches in all the large cities. Meanwhile we remain

Yours most respectfully,

KILROBB & STEELE.

Chatham Street, New York.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH the foam which floats on beer
Is crystal, snowy, chaste and clear,
Though it doth mildly, sweetly glow,
It's hardly equal to the beer below.

THE boy stood erect on the sail-boat's deck,
Tho' told that he hadn't oughter;
The shifting boom struck the back of his neck,
And "landed" him in the water.

When the early worm-bird quits his nest;
When the sun springs up from ocean's breast;
When the cock crows invitation;
When open the flowers, and the trees
Sprinkle the ground at every breeze
With drops of perspiration;
When to his sky home soars the lark—
Tis sweet to walk through Central Park
In nature's contemplation.
Tis sweet to quaff the fragrant air,
Or the water at the Spa-r,
And grow as hungry as a bear,
But oh—"tis sweeter far
To lie abed until nine—and then
Turn over again: and snooze till ten.

M. W. B.

AN INNOVATION.

THIS is an age of innovations. Everything seems to be undergoing a change to such an extent that we almost believe it will soon be popular to commence a meal with dessert, to arise and dress oneself before going to bed, and to somehow make an arrangement by which a man's funeral can "eventuate" previous to his birth.

Almost everyone is pretty well acquainted with the usual humdrum routine of Sunday-school picnics. First comes a prayer, than ice cream, than a "scup," as it is vulgarly called, followed by more prayer and a little scandal by way of spice.

The picnic under consideration was a success in every respect, and we trust that its reverend projector will receive a monument at no distant date. He should be recognized all over the country, for he has introduced a new feature into Sunday-school picnics, which takes all the old-time monotony out of them and makes them quite respectable.

Instead of sandwiching prayers between all the events which transpired, this reverend benefactor introduced a series of horse-races, with 2:45 and 2:30 purses. The races were all hotly contested, and everyone enjoyed them, even to the conventional Widow Johnson with the wart on her nose.

Now, as this was a success, would it not be a good idea to have a Sunday-school picnic at every horse-race, in order to elevate it to a respectable and moral standard? If this could be done, there would probably be no swearing and drinking and betting on race-courses, and high-toned people would always be in attendance. This would make it an object to the race-course proprietor, and ministers could, no doubt, effect engagements that would be sufficiently lucrative to enable them to wipe out church debts and other things.

Take it all in all, we think horse-racing and Sunday-school picnics make a most happy combination, and the minister who will sustain this new departure by his support shall receive our hearty endorsement, and, we think, the endorsement of all sensible people. B.

JAPAN DEFIANT.

ALL nations are more or less independent. Japan is a most remarkable nation in this respect. It fears no country, and it has often been known to go out and look for fight. This was the case recently when a French corvette landed in Japanese waters. The corvette was entirely innocent of any intention to capture the country and immolate the natives. Yet when the long-boat landed on the shore, the crew was confronted by two Japs who, they thought, had come down ostensibly for the purpose of digging clams.

The astonishment of the crew can be better imagined than described when the two Japs stoutly denounced them as invaders, and swore by Ku-fu and the Holy Gum-gum of Yedo to sweep them from the face of the earth. Of course the crew of the corvette did not take water. They seemed as anxious to fight as did the Japs.

This action on the part of the Frenchmen so tickled the Mongolians that they put their swords up and invited the invaders to take something. They did so, and the hatchet was buried, and they shed tears over each other. Thus a great war was averted with a moral that would adorn a Sunday-school story-book. Everything duly considered, it is dangerous for any nation to go fooling around Japan with the idea that they can have a picnic. When two men offer fight to a man-of-war, an army of them would be rather dangerous.

FELIS-ITATION.

H, sweet *felis domestica*, to thee
I send these lines with wreath from olive tree!
As in the gamey olden times they gave
 Of genus *olea*
 Europea
A garland to the Olympian victor brave.
In the dead past (oh, era reprehensive!),
When on a fence I thought thee most offensive,
 And would thy loving nocturne oft salute
With coals I'd hide, which ne'er with thee collidèd,
 Or some great basin, (base ingrate!) or stone,
 Or boot,
Which from its fellow was divorced—divided;
 Or (I admit it with a contrite groan)
When I have coaxed thee, used the meanest lures,
To pitch a pitcher not mine own nor ewers,
 And when, too, with most cowardly intention—
Without the faintest plea for pardon proffering—
I've thrown at thee that which I dare not mention—
 Save as a Greek
 I, p'raps, may speak
And call it (being china) a delf-ic offering—
 You'd never chide. My cheek the sad tear brines
At your sweet meekness and my irritation,
 And therefore write I thee, feline, these lines
 Of admiration!

Did I but know thy gods, them I'd invoke,
 And they to lend their aid could not but choose.
They're not named by lexicographic folk,
 And so I'm fain, cat, to invoke thy mews.
But first take right across my fence to flee,
 Nor feel a fear that I, as thou dost roam,
Will cast, poor cat, a brush aimed to send thee
 To thy dread catacomb.

Sing out, oh glorious cat, oh female cat!
 Fear not from me a hiss. With clap of palm,
I'll listen as you praise, in *bouffe* song pat,
 Un galant Tom.
And hear with joy his answer to his Phillis,
 A sort of sweet song like the Amaryllis,
That song fit to be sung in moonlight rays—
 But stay! that is too soft; it lacks love's force:
The Amaryllis, air par Louis Treize,
 Is not an air well suited to cat hoarse.

I ne'er thought, cat, till now, how great you are;
 But I have woken from ignorant inertia.
Yes, I have learned in France they call you *chat*,
 A Shah of Purr-sia.
Yet, being great in life, you've meekness brought us;
 A meekness lost on mortals, truth to tell.
But, oh, by me, e'en in *articulo mortis*,
 Remembered well
Shall be this lesson you have taught us,
 Tortoise shell!

Long mayst thou live, oh cat, untrammelled, free,
To sing "Just as I am without one flea!"
 Nor ever feel the power of men of sin;
And ease attend thee—ease that best doth please,
 With cakes and ale, within thine own cat inn
 Malt-ese!

Mayst thou, through days perennially fine,
 Rest safely in a fair umbrageous harbor,
Beneath—the while you sip your sweet cat wine—
 Your own cat arbor!
Where you may live without a law or rule,
 Save love's—a sort of happy pat (or cat) riotism,
While each Tom has (like boys at Sabbath-school)
 His cat to kiss him!
And, oh, dear cat, if these please thee not well,
 I'll wish thee many better things, I vow,
If, in thy meekness, thou wilt only tell
 Me-ow!

JOHN A. MACK.

HOME LIFE IN GERMANY.



Household tailoring is still in vogue in the Fatherland. The above cut shows the method of measuring generally employed.

MR. KROEGER ON BALLOONS.

NOT long ago I had occasion to go into the country for a newspaper to report a balloon ascension which had been advertised for some weeks, and which was creating considerable excitement in the neighborhood.

I never took much interest in anything of the kind myself, so it was rather monotonous. The ascension took place out on a farm, and after it was over and the balloon had vanished from sight, I turned my way towards the depot, where I arrived in due time, and wrote up a full and harrowing description of the aeronaut and his air-ship, which I gilded with some of the most astounding lies which have ever come under my notice.

The train at last arrived and I was soon on my way, dozing and taking it as easy as I could.

Pretty soon, just as I was wondering how I should be able to divert the monotony of the trip, I heard a well-known voice, and on looking around I beheld the genial countenance of my friend G. Washington Kroeger.

He had been to the ascension himself, and soon opened a breezy conversation on the subject. He deprecated the whole thing from beginning to end in the most emphatic manner, and said it was nothing but a barefaced fraud.

The fact of the business was, he was jealous; he had got up something in the same line himself, and was not immediately recognized as a great man and decorated accordingly.

"It's all nonsense," he commenced, "to make such a time over a balloon-ascension; why, I knocked that higher than a kite fifteen years ago, and no one made such a time over me."

"Then you have experimented pneumatically," I ventured to remark.

"Well, yes, kinder," responded Mr. Kroeger sardonically; "I did experiment a little, but the world would not acknowledge me; I think there must have been a ring to kill me, for at one time everyone thought I was going to kill the railroads and steamship lines. Oh, I can tell you I was just little thunder, and don't you forget it!"

"I should like to hear the history of your invention, Mr. Kroeger."

He seemed pleased to think that I was so much interested in him and his balloons, so he responded with a pleasant smile:

"You see the way I came to turn my attention to riding on horseback in the air—"

"Horseback in the air!" I shouted indignantly.

"That's what I said. You see, the reason I tried to get up the thing was owing to the fact that the roads in my part of the country were terribly out of repair, and it was almost impossible to ride on them, so I concluded that it would be a good idea to do away with roads altogether.

"At first the thing kinder stuck me; you know a horse is not buoyant enough to float in the air; so I conceived the idea of raising him off the ground by means of a small balloon hitched on to his back. This part worked all right, but it would only raise the horse, it wouldn't propel him much. So, in order to overcome this, I rigged big paddles on to his feet, and he could trot right along in the air. I used to travel around in this way, and was never obliged to touch terra firma. I used to cross rivers and mountains just the same, and as I used large paddles and crowds always followed me, I got big rates for allowing soap fiends to put their advertisements on them.

"I could steer the horse just the same as though he was on the ground. After a while I worked elephants and camels in the same way, and I have often crossed the ocean on them."

I was somewhat overcome by the cool manner in which Mr. Kroeger told me the foregoing, but I said nothing.

"I then got up a Trans-Atlantic Aerial Transportation Co., and I used to take freight and pleasure parties across. I was just making money hand over fist, and was beginning to think of retiring when a terrible accident occurred which ruined me financially.

"You see, once we were out on mid-ocean. The old elephant was paddling along at an easy fifteen knots per hour jog and everything was lovely. There were two men in the party who were in love with the same girl, who was also a passenger. One was accepted, and the other was not; the latter was sore, and in order to have revenge he waited until one night when everything was still, and then he went and cut the rope which held the elephant to the balloon. Just as he was about to do it, I grasped the rope and was taken upward, while the elephant and cargo descended into the briny. I held on to that rope four days, and then I reached land safe and sound."

Then an illustrated paper was thrown into his lap, and, much to my relief, he stopped talking.

R. K. M.

THE LAST STRAW.

WITHIN a darkened chamber lay
A dying king in solemn state;
His summons came, he must obey,
Though king, and share the common fate.

Around the royal household stood
In silent awe and tearful grief,
And doctors, wise and grave, who could
Do nothing more, give no relief.

The ministers of state were there,
With anxious mien and mournful eye.
And priests engaged in fervent prayer
That death might pass the monarch by.

Now—through the quickly opened door—
A maiden rushes with a cry,
She stops not all the court before,
But to the fainting king doth fly.

"O tell me, does the king still live?
And am I not too late to crave
A boon which he alone can give,
And naught but which my hopes can save?"

The doctors who have seized the maid
With angry hand, to lead her off,
Are by a royal gesture stayed.
Then speaks their lord mid gasp and cough:

"My daughter—I can hear thee yet—
But tell me quickly—ere I die,
How can I dry thy cheek—so wet?"
The weeping maid then makes reply:

"Your majesty—O give me, pray!"—
(Here with a book she nears the bed)
"Your autograph to take away."
The king turns pale, and falls back—dead.

H. P. WRIGHT.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, July 6th, 1878.

My Dear Puck:

Here I am! Perhaps, to exude the proper local flavor, I ought to say, 'Ere I am!

But I will not do it. I will not sacrifice my literary reputation for an attempt at a joke. I will not pander to international prejudice by girding at international vanities.

(N. B. to Editor of PUCK.—This last sentence seems to sound all right, but I cannot exactly see what it means, now I read it over. Still I leave it. A few fine words may not butter parsnips, but they do no harm.)

(P. S. to the N. B.—I do not want to butter parsnips, anyhow. I do not like buttered parsnip any more than buttered watermelon—and that is an invention of the enemy.)

To resume:

This is a very queer country. It differs from the Free and United States of America in many ways. England differs from the U. S. in a dozen different ways at least.

No. 1. It differs in its houses and the paraphernalia thereto appertaining. The hotels here are bad—very bad, and dear—very dear, and inconvenient—very inconvenient. They have an elevator in the Charing Cross Hotel. It goes up twice an hour, and takes only twenty minutes to do it. And it is by all odds the fastest thing I have seen in England. The captain who commanded it—I suppose he was the captain, but he put on airs enough for an admiral—when I asked how soon the elevator was going up, said:

"You call it a helevator; we call it a 'oist.' I told him he looked like an 'oister—an old-fashioned, weedy, full-bearded saddle-rock.

And then he told me they didn't saddle rocks in England.

(N. B. No. 2 to Editor of PUCK.—I see a joke which might be made here. You remember Sinbad, a traveler almost as remarkable as My Venerated Ancestor, or as Mr. Stanley, declares that he was carried by a roc. Now, if he had only saddled the roc, I think a very fair joke might be made out of it.

Perhaps you can do something with it as it is.

I need not remind you that these editorial suggestions are supplementary to our agreement. Brain-work of that kind cannot fairly be remunerated in any such manner.

I rely on you to represent this fairly to Herren Kepler & Schwarzmann, who are reasonable men, and see the value of suggestions like mine.

Verbum sat.

A nod is as good as a wink.

Close of the N. B.)

England differs from America—

No. 2. In its climate.

That is to say, England is said to have a climate. You can judge of it yourself. I enclose a square foot of fog cut from the atmosphere. Just photograph a slice of it.

It is a poor specimen, I fear, for I cut it at midday, under the direct rays of the alleged sun.

I am afraid that the climate of England is going to be even more vicious than it is now. The New York *Herald* has taken to telegraphing prophecies of the weather. Now no country can stand that long.

And if, as the English astronomers believe and fear, the weather predictions of the *Herald* are likely to be followed by an epidemic of war-maps, then the state of England is lamentable indeed.

(N. B. No. 3 to Editor of PUCK.—It is obvious that these scientific remarks require special training and skill, and that they therefore justly require special remuneration. I leave that to you.

I merely mention it.)

Great Britain differs from New England—

No. 3. In the impudence of its inhabitants.

Here is an instance:

Everybody knows that port and porter—positive and comparative—are the favorite beverages of the Briton.

Everybody knows that port is fabricated from logwood, which lends its deep color to the wine, to be transferred thence to the visages of the drinkers. Now will it be believed that the English publicans and sinners have the cool cheek to write on their signs:

"Wines from the Wood"?

London differs from New York—

No. 4. In its newspapers.

The English journals are terribly rococo. The *Times* seems very far behind them. *Punch* is truly wooden-headed. The *Standard* is a flag of distress. The *Echo* is an empty sound.

There is a noble exception.

There is a paper called *Truth*.

You see at a glance the feeling I have for such a sheet. I felt as soon as I said it that it was the very paper I had long longed to belong to.

(N. B. No. 4 to Editor of PUCK.—You see yourself how much better suited my style of work is to *Truth* than to PUCK. And yet—and yet—perhaps my services might by you be retained—if you can take a hint.)

The Englishman differs from the Yankee—

No. 5. In his cooking.

Under this head I will be brief. It suffices to say that the Englishman has no idea of many an American delicacy. Now and then a Yankee idea crosses the mighty ocean and knocks at the Englishman's kitchen-door—but it rarely gets in. The tomato is still cooked as a sauce for the mutton cutlet; it is not eaten raw. The porterhouse steak is unknown. And

the Englishman has not eaten, at least, is not in the habit of eating:

Waffles,
Pork and Beans,
Sherry Cobblers,
Green Corn,
Buckwheat Cakes,
Gin Slings,
Hominy,
Succotash,
Claret Punches,
Muskmelons,
Bourbon Straights,
Shad,
Santa Cruz Sours.

And Other Things Too Numerous To Mention.

(N. B. No. 5 to Editor of PUCK.—Of course nobody eats cobblers and slings and punches. They drink them. You know that well enough. But I cannot be bothered to straighten out the phrase now. Besides I have to hurry to catch the mail.)

The Cockney differs from the Gothamite—
No. 5. In his clothes.

And more especially in the names thereof.

I went out this morning along a street to get a suit of clothes to go down to N-ley—at least I think that is the name of the place—there is a regatta there to-day. I do not mention what street it was, because I have no desire to expose it; and again, because it changed its name several times, as though, ashamed of its tortuousness, it chose to hide itself behind an alias.

I asked a tailor the price of a coat, vest and pantaloons. He said £15—say \$75. I could get them for that in New York. I went into another place. This time I tried to look like an Englishman, and I asked the price of a coat, waistcoat and trousers.

That brought the price down to £10.

Then I walked along and went into another tailor's and dropped all my h's, and the human fraction ($\frac{1}{9}$) asked only £5.

After a while I came to another clothing store; and here I mustered up courage, I went in and queried:

"'Ow much his ha veskit?"
And he let me have it for six shillings.
Thus did I learn guile.

(N. B. No. 6 to Editor of PUCK.—I cannot but think you are in great part responsible for this demoralization of one who has hitherto worn without stain an honored name.

Just think of this sometimes.
Especially on Saturdays.)

Now I shake the fog of London from my hair, and am off for Paris.

Yours truly,
E. PERKINS MUNCHAUSEN.

THE street-stand lemonade-vender cannot be induced to believe that his liquid is sufficiently high-toned unless he keeps it in a wash-basin or a foot-bath.

BYRON says it's a pleasant thing to see one's name in print; but the man doesn't think so who reads in the paper of the hanging of some fellow whose name and his own are the same.

WHEN a man is due at a lady's at 8 P. M., and he goes into a barber-shop ten minutes before that time to get shaved, and discovers ahead of him a man with eight children to have their hair cut, he has not the slightest regard for the third commandment.

ONE of the meanest moments in a man's life is when he is carrying home a basketful of groceries, and the strap on which he is hanging in the horse-car suddenly breaks and sends him and the contents of the basket all over the passengers.

A SUMMER IDYLL.

DARK Summer nights,
Eden of Love!
Sweet their delights
As angels' above.

Seems all the world
In peace and joy;
All sorrow's furled—
Life's but a toy.

Moon now is gone;
Stars follow too;
Fire fly alone
Brings light to you.

In the Park's shade,
Aimless I thought:
Here life must fade,
Here love is brought.

Hark! now a voice
Comes to my ear:
"How I rejoice—
No one is near!"

"Darling, one kiss
Soft as your sigh!
Grant me the bliss;
Do not deny."

"But some might see."
"Be not afraid;
Draw close to me,
Dear little maid!"

"Ouch!" Then a yell:
"You've bit my nose!"
My pa I'll tell;
Henceforth we're foes!"

Dark summer nights,
What sweets they bring!
But sad the sights
When love has a sting!

I. B.

MCNAMARA'S OWN.

MR. McNAMARA has started a new religion. It is founded on a basis of musical harmony, and is in strict accord with the traditions of the Irish race. The plan of Mr. McNamara's operations is to cast aside the church music of some centuries, and substitute in its stead some of the more buoyant and popular Irish national airs. This religion, therefore, is not only founded on a sound basis, but also on a basis of sound. It will be observed that it offers especial inducements to Irishmen. So much so that we are forced to confess that, to converts of other nationalities it does not appeal over-strongly. Mr. McNamara, being a Hibernian, has probably overlooked the four hundred millions of people who are not; but this is a detail about which he should not be held too severely to account.

In place of what is known as the "Litany of the Saints," Mr. McNamara has substituted the air of "Aileen Aroon," and for the "Hymn of Praise," "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

It will be observed that Mr. McNamara has somewhat overlooked the rhythm, and the circumstance that the words and music do not match; but on such a point he is not, perhaps, to be judged too severely. It will be interesting to observe whether Mr. McNamara proposes following this change to its logical conclusion. If so, we may expect to hear the "Te Deum" sung to the air of "The Girl on the Low-back Car." It is not too much to say that the risibilities of the celestial host would be compromised if they heard the McNamarites sing a paean of praise to the music of the "Wearing o' the Green."

It is not stated whether Mr. McNamara intends utilizing the "Boyne Water" air for purposes of worship, or what sentiments he en-

certains towards the Orangemen. If Mr. McNamara has organized his religion without taking into account the divergence of views between the two factions of Irishmen, he has made a mistake.

We would suggest that on the 12th of July he give over using Irish airs, and either forego religion altogether on that day, or else use American tunes. And this brings about the suggestion that Mr. McNamara has overlooked several charming airs. "Katy Avourneen" is very pretty, and "The Dairy-maid Milking Her Cow" is not without admirers. Surely Mr. McNamara will not disregard "Eileen Alanna." At precisely what part of the service it will be available, we are a little curious to ascertain. Among the Irish in the lower wards a refrain called "Johnny, You're in Luck this Morning" is very popular. We do not see why this should not be used. True, it is not, strictly speaking, a national air. But neither is the "Last Rose of Summer." And surely Mr. McNamara will not attempt to omit that charming air from the list of consecrated tunes. Perhaps, too, he will not care to utilize any Irish jig music. This would be a great deprivation to many Irishwomen who might join the McNamara religion solely on that account. But we should not, perhaps, inquire too closely into the tunes selected, for Mr. McNamara has the matter in hand, and we might be thought inimical to his scheme.

It is to be regretted—and here again we are exposed to the charge of captiousness—that Mr. McNamara's labors should have their beginning in Water Street. Perhaps it will be said Water Street will not suffer. Granted, for the sake of argument, that it will not. But can Mr. McNamara afford to have his religion start in a locality the very suggestion of which is contrary to present ideas of worship? This again is a point on which we do not wish to be too severe. Mr. McNamara may start on Water Street and end on Fifth Avenue; but, if he does, he will have to forego "Eileen Alanna" and kindred airs, for the residents of Fifth Avenue have declared war to that and to the "Sweet Bye and Bye," and would prefer any dishonor rather than to hear them again.

There is another point of objection to Mr. McNamara's religion. As the religion is not fairly started, objections are timely, for the affair must be put in good shape before it is fairly under way. *Mr. McNamara has a prejudice against Italians.* A man (his name was O'Keefe, or something of the sort) objected to Mr. Namara the other day, when the clerical Shupe accused him of being an Italian, and directed that he be "kicked out." This is clearly a violation of harmony. If a stray sunny Italian prefers Balfe to Verdi, Mr. McNamara should not discourage him, or he will be accused of jealousy, and evil-disposed people will say that his religion failed prematurely. The question of the religion failing may not be a fair one, or subject really to any debate whatever. We are willing, therefore, to admit that it will not fail prematurely rather than be accused of any undue severity.

And, finally! we have one more trifling objection to urge. What will be the effect produced by a number of Hibernians singing the "Te Deum" to the air of the "Wearing o' the Green," in Water Street? We fear it will not be edifying. Admitted, however, that it is; that Mr. McNamara is rewarded according to his deserts; that Greek, Hindoo and Scandinavian join voices to the "Jug of Punch," what will be the fate of the myriad millions who have preceded the Water Street benefactor, and the millions who are only waiting his demise to succeed him?

We have one other objection to the new religion—it deals exclusively and extensively with Mr. McNamara.

ARISTO.

HIS BUSINESS.



"Well, Major Billikens, what are you doing these days, may I ask?"
"Doing, sir?—doing—damme—SWEATING!"

DOG-DAY DIPLOMACY.

THE man who holds communion with nature, or even the man who doesn't, must be willing to admit that there is a great deal more diplomacy displayed in the warm weather than there is during the winter months.

It is now that a man can don a seer-sucker duster, and a cheap pair of trousers, and a fifty-cent straw hat, and go around among his friends like a nabob. So long as he complains of excessive heat the duster will allay all doubts regarding his veracity, but he must also carry a fan with him and use it on all occasions, and more, too.

The fan is the diplomatic touch which makes everything solid.

In ordinary weather a man is obliged to have his hair cut once a month. This is expensive, for it is totally unlike billiard-playing, horse-racing, and other things which men spend money on without thinking of the cost.

In the dog-days he can have it cut off à la Sing-Sing, or even shaved off, so that not even a hair could be seen through a telescope, and if Brown, or even Skidmore, should meet him and ask him what is the matter with him, he can quietly or boisterously remark that he was trying to avoid baldness. He can then go on and say that his Aunt Rachel and his Uncle Reuel were bald prematurely, and that his parents died before he knew what their hirsute fate was to be, and that he would be blin-blanked if he was going to take the chances.

He would then have his hair so short that he would not have it cut for four months, and consequently he would be considerably in pocket.

In the dog-days a man can go into a sample-room and ask for water without being hyper-critically scanned by the dispenser behind the mahogany. He can say it's too hot for whisky and beer, and that lemonade is too Sunday-schooly for him.

In hot weather a man may do many things which would be impossible in winter. He can sleep with his window open, he can sit on the stoop and kill mosquitoes, and he can excuse us for cutting short this article.

He couldn't excuse us in the winter, because we should never dream of writing about the dog-days then.

ALTHOUGH no one cares to buy a seven-thousand-dollar oil painting by one of the masters, there is a great demand for fifty-cent chromos. This shows how ludicrously critical some people are.

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

SHE was two-and forty, and displayed
Much fortitude and figure,
As in the shifting sand she strayed
With unaccustomed vigor.

Her bathing-dress revealed a form
Well-rounded and gigantic,
That shook like jelly in a storm,
Or something else romantic.

Beneath a straw hat old and torn
A rosy face was glowing;
Green goggles made it look forlorn
With perspiration flowing.

Her feet were features worth a prize,
For sand were cased in sandals;
Her calves were cows in point of size;
Her hands were two large handles.

The weary waste of waters wide,
The waste of sand so briny,
Were not more awful with their tide,
Than her waist, tied, not tiny.

I watched this festive female tread
Close by the billows breezy,
And wondered if the ocean's bed
Could hold her in it easy.

I feared a tidal wave would make
If she should stir the waters,
And overtake, then under take
All earthly sons and daughters.

Right boldly stepped she to the sea,
As boldly she retreated,
When angry waves came up too free,
And left her firmly seated.

A death-grip holding on the rope,
She stood there dry and dancing,
By the surf chased up the sandy slope,
Retreating, then advancing.

Thus did this mermaid vainly try
To bathe, nor did she falter,
Till one old breaker, roaring high,
Did bat her and a-salt her.

She saw it not, till with a bound
It smote her back with thunder,
And rolled her up that sandy ground,
Now over and then under.

It lifted her; it floated her;
The ocean bore its prize on.
At last I saw her cease to stir,
Out on the far horizon.

Next day upon the bulletin
Stands, where each passer scans it:
"Sighted—One Large White Whale, Within
Two Miles of Narragansett."

HERWICK C. DODGE.

HOW FAR MR. MUGGINS GOT
TOWARD POLO.

SOME time ago—or, to be more definite, before the May-Bennett controversy, I read one day in the *Herald* the following startling, but incontrovertible aphorism: "Polo is the only game that gentlemen, exclusively, play."

At first glance, this looks a little like mixed metaphor; but whether we may consider "exclusively" as an adjective or an adverb in the preceding quotation, the fact remains, or, at least, remained, that Polo was the peculiarly distinguishing game for high-bred and high-toned gentility.

"Then," said I to myself, "that is the game for me." Henceforth I determined to abandon billiards, keno, chess, lacrosse, base-ball, fox-and-geese, checkers, euchre, bluff, ten-pins, and all other manly games, and devote my time and attention to Polo.

I found the literature of Polo exceedingly rare, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could learn anything about the rules of the game, or in what manner it was played. After persistent inquiry, however, I found it was very like lacrosse on horseback, and one of the prerequisite essentials was *muscle*.

Therefore, somehow or other, muscle I must have, at any cost; and while I sat in my office (for I am at the dignity of office, I would that you should understand), thinking how fortunate they are in Turkey, where Mussulmen are as thick as clams at Coney Island—I mention clams because they also are a species of mussel—ah—where was I?—oh, yes—while thinking what I should do to develop the muscular fibres of my arm, and debating whether I should invest in a health-lift or a rowing-machine, in walks an individual with two huge clubs, one in each hand, neatly turned, painted and polished—the clubs, not the hands—and holding them up before me, said:

"There they are!"
“Don’t want any,” said I, motioning impatiently towards the door.

He went not, however, but swung the clubs dexterously about, around his head, under his arm, in front of him, behind him—in fact all about him—in a way that showed that, as a club-swinger, he was no mean artist.

“Very nice for gentlemen of sedentary habits,” he suggested, as he still manipulated the pegs.

“Don’t care for them,” said I, with increasing impatience.

Nothing daunted, and possibly thinking that with those formidable weapons he had me at a disadvantage, anyway, he continued his exercises with unflagging determination.

“Kehoe clubs, you know.”

“Don’t want any Kehoe clubs nor any other kind of clubs,” I said, with a good deal of asperity, wishing, at the same time, that I had a pistol.

He looked at me piteously a moment, dropped his clubs by his side, still holding them in his hands, and started to go. The momentary sense of relief which the prospect of his departure produced was suddenly dispelled by seeing him turn back deliberately with the intention of renewing the attack. Holding the ponderous clubs out at arms’ length, with an ease which even then excited my admiration, he said, quietly:

“Develop your muscles—”
“What?—how’s that?” said I.

“Give you a splendid muscle in a month.”
The very thing! This must be providential. I bought the clubs at once, and forthwith commenced to learn the manual of exercise. It is reported of a lazy Indian that he once said, “It is easy to see the white man work.” It was easy to see this vender of clubs swing them gracefully about, in every conceivable direction, but I found it was a feat of no easy accomplishment.

However, I could learn; and there were few happier men in New York than I that day, as I went home, carrying my muscle-producing agencies under my arms.

Early the next morning, after taking an invigorating bath, I eagerly took up the clubs, intent upon an *ante-déjuner* exercise. But where to swing them was the next question. There was too much bedstead in the bed-room, too much girl in the kitchen and too many articles of *virtu* in the parlor; so I went into the library, and shut the door, so as to have a good swing all by myself. Mrs. M. had not

yet arisen; and there was a fair prospect of a half hour’s uninterrupted seclusion. I got on pretty well at first, as long as I confined myself to the simple gyrating or oscillating motion of the clubs, back and forth, but when I began to skirt off into the variations of throwing them over my back and under my legs, and catching them, there was trouble. Instead of catching them in my hands, I caught them on my head and shins. After a thump of more than usual severity on my head with one of the clubs, I threw the other up a little higher than I intended, and it came in rather unpleasant contact with the gasolier.

“Whoa, Emma!” I said to myself, rather softly, and as, fortunately, no serious damage was done, and no glass broken, I picked up my clubs and went on with the “manual.” I was getting on nicely, and in a fine glow of perspiration, when, all at once, one of the clubs slipped from my perspiring hand and went, *crash*, through the window, out into the back yard.

I stood for a moment paralyzed and speechless, and then, with a sense of the mischief I had done, I dodged suddenly under the table. I hid there because I heard the footsteps of Mrs. M. coming down upon me. Mrs. M. is a colossal old lady, of grim propriety and much *avoirdupois*. I hid just in time, for the next moment she sailed into the room like a forty-gun frigate, with her decks cleared for action.

“What’s this?” she exclaimed, as she came into the room, and then answered her own question by saying, “This is some of Eph’s work! Where is the wretch?”

As she glared around, I almost expected to hear the traditional “Fee-fi-fo-fum!” I quaked. Her eagle-eye soon found me out, and, clutching at my off-ear, she gathered me forth. There are times when a man feels as if breath were too much for him—as if the billowy mountains of the sky were about to fall upon and crush him—as if he were a dog without a muzzle, to be dragged forth to ignominious execution—as if—O, heaven! why do I agonize over the recollection of these terrible moments? I tried to explain that it was an accident, that the dum thing slipped out of my hand, which too much perspiration had so dangerously lubricated. I fell on my knees and clasped my hands in terror; but it was of no avail. The relentless sharer of my joys and sorrows, my bread and butter, my couch and trousers, would listen to no explanation, but still holding fast to my auricular appendage, she led me to the brink of the stairway, and, with calcitrant propulsion, hurled me headlong.

With outstretched arms, I groped my way down in one long blinding, striding, helpless, graceless, graspless grope.

I suddenly found that the other end of the stairs was at the bottom—I mean the end opposite the other end at the top. With a sense of self-preservation I started for the back yard when I heard the remaining Indian club bounding down the stair behind me. The back yard is a cool and pleasant place. It was here, after numerous pleasant interviews with the surgeon, and the affectionate entwining of several yards of *emplastrum adhesivum*, that I resumed my club practice and the development of muscle, away from the dangerous propinquity of window-glass and gasoliers—and Mrs. Muggins.

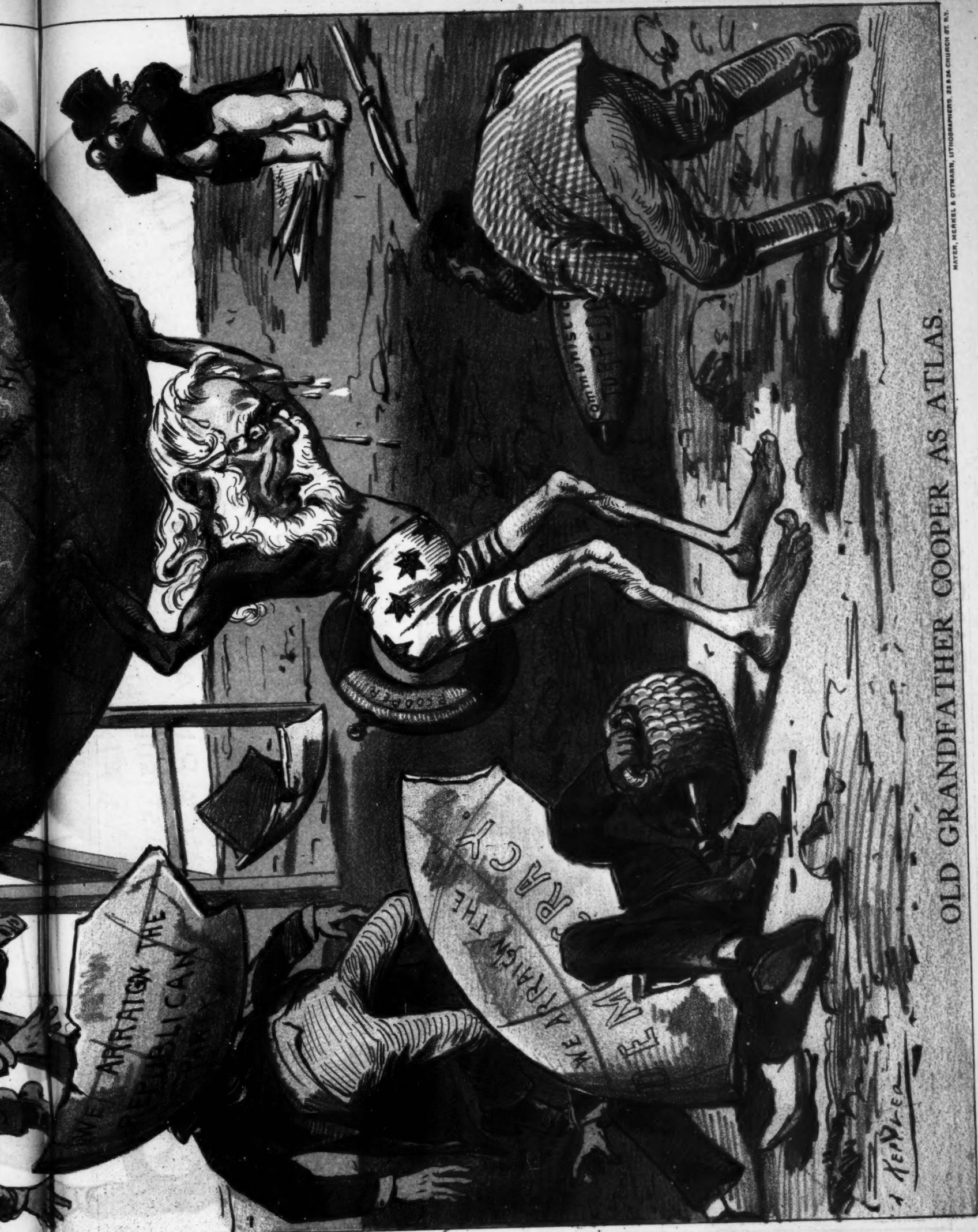
In due time my arms bulged out with muscular rigidity, and I began to feel myself a match for even Mrs. M. Thus, with persistent perseverance I accomplished the first step towards polo.

The next is Horse.
When I get to that step I will let you know.

Yours most muscularly,
EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

PUCK.





OLD GRANDFATHER COOPER AS ATLAS.

HAYER, MEINKE & OTTMANN, LYTHUAPHENY, SEE OTTMANN

OFFICE OF "PUCK" 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

RAG CARPET.

You wear the enchanting blue of April skies,
The tint of roses to your bosom clings,
The richest glow that illuminates peacock-wings
In mutable softness on your bosom lies.
With you the menagerie-wagon madly vies;
Also the circus-poster, as it flings
Its oriflamme colors o'er the fence, and brings
Rapturous tear-drops to the small-boy's eyes.

Whene'er I watch your dazzling, irisful breast,
And o'er your sinuous stripes see children troop
In laughter and glee whose sweet notes never tire,
Blisses unknown my charméd fancy crest;
Then I see the matron stir the meridian soup,
And watch the dog dream peacefully by the fire.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Answers for the Curious.

B. GUNN.—Begone!

HASELTINE.—She is yours.

[NOTE. In re Haseltine, we wish to acknowledge receipt of the following stanzas, addressed

TO THE CARBOLINE EDITOR OF "PUCK."

Oh, who in blank is Haseltine?
And where, oh where, may he be seen?
Oh, who is this sweet Haseltine?
Is it a she, a thing divine?

How dost pronounce it? Haseltine?
So it will rhyme with bear or swine?
How looks this thing, this Haseltine?
How? Very fat, or very lean?

Your answers to this Haseltine
Are not like others—sharp and keen,
As if all but this Haseltine
Were naught but low-bred, worthless kine.

Why not upon this Haseltine
Vent all your pent-up, gouty spleen;
Or is it that this Haseltine
Is something "extra superfine?"

Oh send this querist, Haseltine,
Where he may never more be seen,
And let his name—SWERT Haseltine—
Join forces with the SWERT woodbine.

WELL—GOOD-DAY.

The author may linger till to-morrow. No flowers, J.

NATTY.—It may surprise you to know that we will bet \$5,000 to 1 cent that you can't write paragraphs for this paper. But that is nothing. We will bet \$10,000 to 1 cent that you can't jump off the Brooklyn Bridge—oh, yes, more than that—we'll bet anything—high enough to make it an object for you to try.

LUELLA B. S.—That young woman of yours, with "eyes like the tender heart of a violet," would shine to most advantage in the pages of our esteemed contemporary, the *Waverley Magazine*. We prefer the green-eyed variety of girl for comic purposes. But we are afraid the *Waverley* won't get your young woman. She is now in congenial society, alongside of a poem on Spring, in the very bottom of the basket.

It is a significant fact that the barbers along the route are the most determined enemies of the noisy Elevated R. R. Pshaw, men, opposition is the life of trade.

THE most poorly-fed paragrapher never so completely resembles the "Before Taking" portrait in a quack medicine advertisement, as when, glancing through the columns of an exchange, his eye lights upon the identical joke he has in press.

IF you notice a man who has been splashing about where the surf is only knee-high, suddenly hug himself around the waist and jump into deeper water, you may with safety assume that the single solitary button on his suit has taken a leave of absence without permission.



DRAMATIC NOTES.

MR. C. A. STEVENSON has been engaged at the Union Square for the season, his wife (Kate Claxton) playing at the Lyceum.

THE Park Theatre opens August 31st with "Hurricanes," to be followed by Lotta (September 28th), Crane and Robson in October, and E. A. Sothern in December.

WITH the revival of interest in dramatic affairs, the Aquarium Chimpanzee again comes bravely to the front. He has no new grievance now. We await developments.

THE "Danites," Joaquin Miller's idyll of the howling wilderness, goes to the Grand Opera House, August 26, with a cast including McKee Rankin, Louis Aldrich, Kitty Blanchard, Charles T. Parsloe, and Mrs. T. M. Hunter.

THE company at Wallack's for next season includes Charles Coghlan, John Gilbert, Harry Beckett, John Brougham, W. J. Leonard, C. E. Edwin, Walter Etinge, Rose Coghlan, Mrs. Sefton, Meta Bartlett, Pearl Etinge, Mme. Ponisi and Kate Bartlett.

THE Bowery Theatre has been encouraged in the belief that it is true to the traditions of

New York. But last week, for some reason or other, it went completely back on them and produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It will be remembered to the discredit of the establishment.

GENEVIEVE WARD appears at Booth's September 2d, but the preparations which the management are making find (as yet) no expression in the press. The engagement of Geo. Vandenhoff, Jas. Taylor and Milnes Levick, regarded in the light of preparation, is portentous of warm work for the winter.

THREE months having been devoted to the list of the performers coming to the Fifth Avenue, a brief bill of three weeks is now occupied in citing the names of those to have concluded not to—viz: Ada Cavendish, the Kendalls, etc. Mary Anderson, who unites the power of the West prairies with the luxuriance of the sunny South, will open the house.

GILMORE'S GARDEN seems to have entered upon an era of increased prosperity, for popular music now alternates with classical pieces, and the Garden has resumed its wonted cosmopolitan appearance. The name and presence of Theo. Thomas constitute in themselves the best guarantee of the interpretation of the music.

THE virtual opening of the season occurs at the Union Square, August 14, where the resplendent Fanny Davenport appears in "Olivia," given with the following cast of characters: *Olivia*, Fanny Davenport; *Sophia*, Linda Dietz; *Mrs. Primrose*, Mrs. Chas. Poole; *Polly Flamborough*, Eugenia Paul; *Phoebe*, Emma Vaders; *Sara*, Florence Gilette; *Gipsy Woman*, Mrs. Tannehill; *Dr. Primrose*, Charles Fisher; *Dick*, Mabel Leonard; *Bill*, Eva French; *Mr. Burchill*, Edwin Price; *Squire Thornhill*, Louis James; *Leigh*, George Waldron; *Farmer Flamborough*, William Herbert. Goldsmith did not have Miss D. in his mind's eye when he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield." But then she may be able to show him his mistake.

THE ARTISTIC IDEA.



AFFRIGHTED PEDESTRIAN.—"Hi! I say! Call your dog off, will you?"

ENTHUSIASTIC ARTIST.—"Hold on, there! Just as you are, please. That's exactly the pose I want. Just five minutes, now, if you please!"

(Lynn Wood in Tinsley's Magazine.)

For Better, for Worse?

PART I.

IT was a cloudless night in June, and amongst the myriad couples of opposite sexes who walked beneath the winking, blinking, happily speechless stars, were Edgar Ruthen and Mrs. Aldon.

The suburban road upon which they trod was but sparsely lit, and the heavenly lamps above did little more than melt the upper darkness. Therefore Mrs. Aldon had taken Edgar's arm, scarcely waiting an invitation. A passer-by would unhesitatingly have taken for lovers the tall handsome young man and the pretty, elegant woman, with the large upturned eyes, who so gracefully hung upon his arm. Yet, as in so many cases, appearances would have proved deceptive, as the following few words will show:

"Ah, Mr. Ruthen, what a happy man you must be!"

"Yes, I ought to be; and I am entirely and unreservedly happy, Mrs. Aldon. I don't think there exists a happier man than myself; and I should be as cold and insensate as the flags upon which we tread if I could think of the sweet girl whom I shall to-morrow make my wife without such pleasure as no words of mine could fitly express."

The upturned face and humid eyes of the man attested the earnestness of his words.

Mrs. Aldon's little feet tapped a trifle more briskly upon the pavement, and she found it necessary to disengage her arm, in order to hold up her dress.

"Yes, Florence is a girl in a thousand; and I say again, you are a most fortunate man. She is rather quiet, perhaps—dull her enemies might say; but I daresay, to one so lively as yourself, that eternal placidity may seem pleasant and soothing."

Mrs. Aldon looked up with a half laugh in those large dark eyes, which were capable of any expression, from a saint's to—well, a sinner's.

Edgar was rather disturbed at this. What sweet phantoms of the poetic past had he not called up of virgin saints and maidenly recluses with which to compare his beloved Florence! and here was one to whom she could appear dull—one who could not for a moment be accused of malice. A glance into those innocent unconscious eyes was sufficient to banish any such extravagant notion.

Edgar was glad to leave Mrs. Aldon at her own residence, and feel himself free to give the rein to the dreams of bliss which swept before his mental vision, thick as swallows following the flying summer. And, arrived at his own apartments, there was plenty to keep him occupied till late into the night, when he crept into his bachelor bed for the last time. Exhausted nature claimed her dues, and he slept soundly till a bright sun awoke him to a consciousness of his wedding-day.

I hasten to allay the gentle or otherwise reader's perturbed feelings on the score of the ceremony and subsequent breakfast. It is to be taken as read. Everybody was satisfied, bride and bridegroom included; especially so when it was over. One last passionate embrace from her tender indulgent father (her only parent), and Edgar carried off his wife, the sweetest, truest-hearted woman in Christendom.

Ask the maid of seventeen to describe the honeymoon of her dreams; and if you be yourself a maiden, and will vow profound and eternal secrecy, you shall hear in most cases a tale of rhapsody—boundless devotion, eternal heart-union—in which Nature shall play her part by lending all that she has of changing glories and sympathetic influences to carry on the dream,

idyll, what you will, into the cloud-like indefinite future, that comparatively unimportant lifetime, which will arrange itself and be a supreme happiness (only inferior to the honeymoon) as a matter of course.

Alas that we ever should outlive the age of innocence and boundless confidence in the special favor of Destiny, which is ours, in the majority of cases, at seventeen!

The man of the world, who has spent the fire of his youth in the great strife for gold, and who now, in premature middle age, takes to himself a wife, in accordance with the requirements of the situation, and by the advice of his friends, and who looks upon marriage as a sort of quiet haven especially welcome to the strife-worn hero of a hundred bargains—this man will contemplate his honeymoon as a decidedly pleasant prospect, as much on account of the novelty of the situation as anything else. If only viewed from a business point of view, the sole proprietorship in any one parcel of female attractions would have its charm.

But why this long rendering of the ancient axiom "Circumstances alter cases"? The case of Edgar and Florence is best expounded by the chronicling of the conversation which took place between them as they stood arm-in-arm on the border of a mountain-locked Tyrolean lake, waiting for the boat. It was just one month since their wedding day.

FLORENCE. Did you come here during your trip the year before last, Edgar dear?

EDGAR. Yes; but I only stayed a day. I felt so oppressed and shut in with this mountain wall, and the sombre silent lake, that I was quite glad to get away.

FLORENCE. Oh, poor boy! why didn't you say that before, instead of letting me keep you here a week? How wretched you must have been all this time, dear!

Edgar looked down on the sweet pale countenance of his young wife, which now wore a little roguish expression, as rare as it was bewitching; and he felt a world of loving tenderness welling up in his heart.

They were hidden from the little "Gasthaus" which had sheltered them for the past week; so Edgar raised the gentle clinging form in his arms, and strained her to his bosom with a passionate ardor that quite took away her breath.

It was rather disconcerting for these two young things to find, when they came to themselves, that the boatman had grounded his punt, and was now waiting for their orders.

"O Edgar, how could you!" exclaimed poor fluttered Florence, arrayed in a most delightful blush.

It was certainly quite unpardonable in a married couple a month old. They scrambled in as quickly as possible, and made themselves very comfortable in the stern. Then there followed a conversation, a very small specimen of which will no doubt go a long way.

"I won't kiss any more, dear, if you object so very much."

Florence had not quite recovered from her agitation; so she answered with a pinch; then remarked, with an uneasy look at the stolid Tyrolean boatman, who had not moved a muscle the whole time:

"Do be quiet, you silly fellow; he can hear every word."

"Oh, you dear bashful little goose! Why, even if he understood what we say, which he doesn't, do you think he'd take any notice? He no doubt sees this sort of thing going on dozens and dozens of times every season."

"Oh, very well; he sha'n't be regaled by us any more, then;" and Florence edged herself a little away, only to come back in double-quick time, to prevent herself being snatched back, a determination she foresaw in her Edgar's eyes.

The boat now glided silently and slowly along the narrow channel which connects one lake

with another in this beautiful awe-inspiring chasm of waters.

The scathed pumice-stone-like tips of the mountains around were perfectly blinding with the glare of the afternoon sun upon them, but here it was almost dark, the mountains rising perpendicularly on either side in piled-up masses of moss-covered stone welded together with the richest verdure: what appeared over their heads like plants and bushes were in fact great forest-trees hanging with half their roots bared. For a minute the boat floated still in the dark water, and they both looked into its mysterious depths, as if they wished to find there a confirmation of the untold delights with which they had in imagination garnished their future lives. But they only saw two wistful awestruck faces. The silence was dreadful, only intensified by a musical tinkle which came intermittently, seemingly from some untraveled distance, so far off did it sound. It was that waterfall, like a silver-thread trembling, barely visible against the dark-green mountain-side.

"Edgar, darling," Florence said at last, in a scarcely audible whisper, "I should like to go on, if you don't mind."

The poor child shuddered.

Edgar motioned to the boatman, and the light craft shot forth again into the light.

"Do you know, Florence," Edgar remarked, "they say that these mountains are as deep down in the water as they are high above it!"

"Oh!"

Florence had become abstracted and monosyllabic. But Edgar was in the throes of a poetical illustration, and accordingly oblivious.

"As deeply rooted as are these mountains, so deep is my love for my sweet Florence; and as high as they approach the heavens, so high shall my love soar above all the trivialities and petty vexations of daily life."

Florence looked at him with that earnest and devoted gaze which he treasured as one of his dearest recollections, and said, "I love you, dear, more than I shall be ever able to tell you in words."

This was the last of these trips, and a fortnight from this day saw the young couple comfortably located in their little villa on the banks of the river Thames, within an easy ride by train of Gray's Inn, in which time-honored legal hive Mr. Ruthen practiced his profession of solicitor. Edgar was generally looked upon by his brethren in the law as a very promising young man, and, what was better still, the litigious public shared this opinion, so that he was enabled to live in decidedly comfortable style.

The year was now undoubtedly on the wane, and curly brown leaves began to scud round the quiet courts with that mysterious rustle which is so suggestive of approaching winter; whilst the wind coining suddenly round the corner struck with an unwonted chilliness, which caused you to button up your coat, and wonder whether your old overcoat would stand another winter or not. Edgar had received several invitations to join shooting-parties—of course bringing his wife with him—but to all he had replied with the solemn asseveration that his hands were too full of business to permit his availing himself of their kind invitations.

He certainly did put in an appearance at Gray's Inn at least twice a week, spending perhaps two or three hours in untying and refastening sundry and various severe-looking documents, which, with reading and answering his letters and drawing Florence's profile on his blotting-paper, formed in his idea a very good day's work.

Oh, his clerks had a fine time of it the first few weeks after Edgar's marriage! How pleasant it was when the night closed in upon the shortening day to approach the little house in which centred all the joy of his young and vigorous existence, and to imagine the picture hidden by the drawn red curtains, look-

ing so warm and inviting even from the outside! He did not fumble for his latch-key, knowing quite well that his foot would scarcely have touched the top step when, as if by magic, the door would be opened inside, and a certain little woman would be hanging round his neck, lavishing upon him all the thousand and one little caresses of word and look and hand with which a loving little wife can make a man fancy himself in the seventh heaven.

Oh, that the daughters of men would learn wisdom and *study* the little weaknesses of the sterner sex—the need they have after the stern battling with the cold hard-fisted and hard-headed world of all those little foolish wiles and tendernesses which, alas, so often die out as the wedding-day recedes behind the gathering mists of time! How many wanderers might even now be safely pasturing with the matrimonial fold!

Very soon the vacation had come to an end, and with the yellow fogs and raw chilly cheerlessness which so attests our national hardihood and indomitable spirits came a steady flow of clients, timid, stubborn, and irate, so that at length Edgar found it necessary to take his papers home with him. These met at first a somewhat shy reception from little Florence, being rivals for her Edgar's attention. However, after a studiously simple and totally unintelligible explanation of their contents, and the absolute necessity of their being dealt and done with by a certain time, the little wife became reconciled, and, like the sweet-tempered, sensible, and unselfish little creature that she was, she did all in her power to further her husband's designs. He always found his writing-table and papers in perfect order, with a glass of not too strong whisky-toddy, and his cigar-box ready to his hand, whilst Florence herself would sit quiet as a little mouse over her work or a book somewhere within easy reach of his hand—for it would now and again enter into the forensic mind to stroke the soft brown hair on the pretty head bent down so meekly and gracefully. Indeed there were times when, upon meeting her blue eyes full of lovelight bent upon him, all the wearisome details in the case of Snaggs *versus* Staggs would vanish like a bad dream before the morning sun, and he would find himself on his knees before his sweet young wife, with an arm about the slender waist, whilst his eyes sought in greater proximity to realize all the depth of love contained in hers. But why do I weary the reader with the description of scenes which, if he be a married man, he knows so well, or if a bachelor, he contemns as monotonous and eventually wearisome, even as the foxes deprecate the unapproachable grapes?

With the best intentions I could not appropriately describe all the tranquil happiness of the first year of Edgar and Florence's married life.

Autumn was again drawing nigh, and with the short evenings and increasing cold they must needs bid adieu to the delightful river trips which had proved such a source of delight during the past summer. They had their own boat and private landing-place at the bottom of the garden. Many a moonlight night had they stolen down to the river-edge, and pushed off into the track of molten silver. Florence would recline in the stern, well wrapt up in a soft plaid, whilst Edgar skillfully plied the sculls, softly singing some favorite air to the time of the long smooth strokes.

There is a something about a moonlight night, a mystery in the atmosphere, a certain eerie solemnity which precludes (to many minds at least) any boisterous overflow of spirits. Florence always felt this influence in a very powerful degree, and no sooner had she gained her usual recumbent position in the stern than the majestic calm of her surround-

ings would overshadow her like some mysterious presence. Why should that which was the very embodiment of tranquil happiness suggest anxious and distrustful thoughts? Yet so it was. As she gazed upon the handsome face of her young husband, and thought of his love for her, and the still greater love that she had for him, and their perfect happiness, an intangible whisper from the mysterious presence came, "Can this be for ever?" She dared not answer boldly "Yes." Yet what grief or misfortune shared with him who loved her so truly could raise such vague, sad pre-sentiments as crept and twined about her heart? What had the future, the deep, dark, impenetrable future, in store for them both?

PART II.

"MRS. ALDON" is not very descriptive of the lady reclining on the pink-satin sofa in her boudoir, to whom I wish to introduce the reader. "My pretty Carrie" is better. Thus is she addressed in the letter she now holds in her hand, dated from "something pore" in her Majesty's Indian Empire, and subscribed "Your loving husband."

What mischievous spite so led astray the strong common sense and keen intellect of Colonel Aldon that he should transform that plump, black-eyed little witch, Catherine Morgan, into Mrs. Colonel Aldon? Quite determined not to do things by halves, he left his young wife six months after their marriage, fearful, fond-foolish, middle-aged man that he was, to expose his jewel to the distressing effects of the Indian heats. Did he not hope in a couple of years to return home with an ample pension, to spend the remainder of his life in blissful communion with his black-eyed young mate?

Nothing could be more passionately lover-like than this letter she holds, in which the iron-gray "moustache" exults with boyish exuberance over all the delights that await him when he shall return to England in six months' time. Happy is the martinet with the one soft place in his heart, that he sees not the look of utter indifference bordering almost on scorn with which his heart's idol drops his letter. Another lies open before her. It is very short and business-like:

"Dear Mrs. Aldon,—In reference to the disposal of the houses in S—, about which you ask my advice, I shall require further particulars before I can give any opinion. If you can find it convenient to visit me in town, I will hold myself at your service between eleven and twelve on Thursday next. I am yours very truly,

EDGAR RUTHEN."

That was all, and yet she read it word for word twice over again. With the petulant, vexed look of a spoilt child she lays it down and thinks. Gradually the red pursed-up lips become more elongated in their outline, and the dark contemplative eyes assume a triumphant and rather wicked expression which forbodes no good to some one. She lacks that soliloquizing tendency which novel-writers find so useful in their heroes and heroines, or she would have muttered under her breath, "Demure little fool; she thinks she can keep him all to herself!"

On Thursday, punctually at eleven o'clock, Edgar's head clerk opened wide the door of his private room, and announced, in the most respectful of tones, Mrs. Aldon. The young clerks, and even their ancient supervisor, felt a flutter of unwonted excitement behind their dingy ink-bespattered desks, at the sight of this radiant apparition. How they envied their young employer!

"O Mr. Ruthen," exclaimed the gay young

grass-widow, "I hope you are not too dreadfully busy, for I have got such a lot to say. Women can never condense, you know."

Edgar answered, with a smile,

"My next appointment is at twelve, so that we have an hour before us. We can get through a lot of talking in an hour."

"Of course we can. Do you recollect that little trip we made to Richmond—you and your friend, Mr. E—, and myself? How you two men did talk all the time, to be sure!"

Edgar remembered it very well, and who it was lay back on the carriage cushions by the side of Mrs. Aldon, whilst the other took the reins. Edgar invariably got on well with women, and between him and Mrs. Aldon there had always been a sort of freemasonry, resembling more the chaffy intercourse of one light-hearted man with another than the conversation of a lady and gentleman who had made acquaintance at a mutual friend's house. Remembering this, and full of loyal love to Florence, Edgar put on his most legal aspect, and asked his client if she had brought the title-deeds. Yes, they were there, somehow crammed into that sweetly pretty, but ridiculously little, bag. After much fumbling and searching in various mysterious pockets,

"Oh, dear me! if I haven't forgotten the key!"

Ping! went Edgar's bell.

"Get this bag unlocked. Be quick!"

He was rather vexed at the delay, or thought it right to seem so; whereupon Mrs. Aldon observed,

"Don't look so dreadfully cross, Mr. Ruthen; I'm sure I am very sorry; besides, it's so awfully exhausting to have to talk about law matters directly after the long journey I've had to get here. In fact, I think it's quite a providential circumstance. You forget I haven't seen you since your marriage; I haven't even had time to ask after that dear demure little wife of yours."

What a tongue she had! And yet how pretty and vivacious she was! How thoroughly at home she made herself in the big leather arm-chair! Her veil was thrown up, revealing a couple of sparkling eyes and a pair of flushed cheeks, which she fanned vigorously with a tiny lace-bordered handkerchief, whilst, with the most artistic *abandon* of pose, she revealed just enough of a tiny foot and ankle to make a man (fallen creatures that they are) wish for more. She was certainly a most fascinating little woman.

(To be continued.)



Puck's Exchanges.

MR. ANDERSON appears to have gone to meet his grandmother.—*Derrick*.

ALWAYS put off till to-morrow whatever you can't do to-day.—*Breakfast Table*.

WHEN beer comes down to three cents, the man with only four cents may yet be happy.—*Kronicle-Herald*.

"Kiss, kiss" is the name of a new song.—*Norr. Herald*. Is the author's name a rebus? —*Com. Adv.*

PEOPLE who are pious only during camp-meeting season are called "grasshopper Christians."—*Boston Post*.

"A SPECIAL PLEADER!"

IMAGINE that you're far away from town,
Forgetful of the City's noise and worry—
A "rusticater" (please excuse the noun)
Exploring leisurely a spot in Surrey.

Just picture cornfields spread on either side,
And meadows dotted here and there with
daisies,
Where Mistress Nature, like a sweet girl-bride,
Compels the passer-by to murmur praises.

Imagine that, beyond, the river Thames
Winds like a serpent, in the sunlight flashing,
With dancing wavelets glistening as gems,
That kiss the shore melodiously plashing.

Observe the cots, of architecture quaint,
That nestle in the valley (they'll remind you
Of pictures such as Creswick loved to paint),
And contemplate the Surrey hills behind you.

Then suddenly imagine you can hear
The sound of voices; and behold new-comers,
As if by magic on the spot appear—
A lover with a maid of nineteen summers.

Of course you'll wisely seek another track—
Third parties are *de trop* where sweethearts
wander;

But still imagine there come wafted back
Stray whispers from the meadows over yonder.

"If you refuse me, dear, my hopes are wrecked!"
(Remember, you're supposing these proceedings);

"Say yes, sweet love!" or words to that effect:
They're rather similar, these lovers' pleadings.

Then picture to yourself the maiden's cheeks,
Suffused with blushes as she lists his story;
And strive to fancy, as he fondly speaks,
Her eyes illuminated with a love-lit glory.

And then suppose, though first she seemed inclined

To hesitate, all doubt she quickly scatters,
Accepts him, and their lips—well, never mind,
I'm not supposed to mention kissing matters!

* * * * *

Some time ago a maiden and a youth
Were *really* there, exchanging love-vows
fervent.

I knew the lady—and, to tell the truth,
The lady's lover was your humble servant!
—Henry C. Newton in *Tinsley's Magazine*.

A NEW YORK music firm advertises the
"Pins and Needles Galop." We bet they'll
get stuck on that.—*Norr. Herald*.

THE Brooklyn *Union-Argus* believes in cat-teasers, thinking they may peradventure keep politicians off the fence.—*Buffalo Express*.

THE boy with a stone bruise is all right till
the boy with a big stone bruise and a mashed
toe comes into the neighborhood to demand
adoration and respect.—*Free Press*.

In looking over our exchanges, we find that
every one-horse grove where a Fourth of July
address was delivered was a "grand old forest"
with "patriarchal trees" or "gnarled oaks."
—*Oil City Derrick*.

WHEN an English paper captures an Ameri-can joke it chops off the head, chisels out the
point, sets it up backward, and gives its read-ers a dish of wisdom that tastes like fresh meat
after a long sea-voyage.—*Breakfast Table*.

THE boa constrictor at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens has been swallowing an army blanket under the impression that he was getting a new kind of raspberry shortcake.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE CREAM OF THE BUCKET.**CONSOLATION.**

It is warm this month, but we shall not notice it so much in January.—*Graphic*.

PERTINENT.

Did the early Christian Fathers take summer vacations?—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

FACT.

The breath of scandal is beyond the control of cardamom seeds.—*New York News*.

QUERY OF A DISEASED IMAGINATION.

A doctor's fees, for instance, would you call them ill-gotten gains?—*Phila. Bulletin*.

SOUND ADVICE.

Take your ear of green corn at both ends, in both hands, and fear neither man nor colic.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A NEW READING.

So live that when thy summons comes—you won't fear the constable who serves it on you.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

HE IS.

An editor is a man who chronic'les the departure of other people for the cool and delicious summer resorts.—*Rochester Democrat*.

FORCE OF HABIT.

A St. Louis coroner, who was formerly a base-ball man, instructed his jury to bring in a verdict of "out on a sun-strike."—*Oil City Derrick*.

CRUEL.

An exchange says: "Gen. Beauregard will leave Louisiana." We suppose then Louisiana, has no handles to carry it by?—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WE BLUSH.

Olive Logan has discovered a new transparent, and highly expensive stocking.—*Ex. Was it on her l— that is, was it loaded?*—*Norristown Herald*.

TEMPERATURES MUTANTUR.

Since the weather has grown cooler St. Louis citizens walk in the sun, shake their fists at it, and threaten to knock its darned head off if it strikes them. St. Louis always was a brave city.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

THAT'S SO.

The persistent wretch who is always asking, "Is this hot enough for you?" will get his reward one of these days. When a dark-complexioned old person with horns shall lead him in, crying, "Is this hot enough for you?" he will understand all.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE CORRECT CARDS.

"Ophelia" writes to ask if sacred history mentions card-playing. Certainly, my dear girl, Moses "led" for the children of Israel, and when the latter got to Jordan they "passed." Solomon "ordered up" the temple, Balaam "held a jack," and the seven priests before Jericho took the city by "playing their seven trumps."—*Whitehall Times*.

FROM ST. LOUIS.

Beside the grand old ocean
She stood in rapt devotion
With a look that seemed to grasp some visionary

land;

Then turned about her paces,
One of the bare-foot graces,
And her fairy feet retreating made post-holes
in the sand.

—*Boston Post*.

NO FLOWERS.

A tramp recently entered a restaurant and called for a bowl of chowder. The waiter, measuring his capacity, brought him a tureen

of the beverage, and a lively stirring thereof revealed the presence of a sample of half-hose. "See here," said the prospective diver, recalling the waiter, "isn't there some mistake here? I called for chowder, and this is sock-stale soup!" There were no flowers.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

SUMMER RESORT NOTES.

(From the *Derrick*.)

— People who spell Coney Island with a K say they prefer Newport, "as them places as is near the city is too awful common for anything."

— Johnny Morgan, who plays the organ, and whose father plays the drum, has been arranged as a waltz for dancers at the summer resorts; also the tune in which Emma is called upon to whoa.

— The "Keramic" bathing-suit is the latest. It is made of gaily figured cloth, and makes the bather look like a collection of foreign postage stamps.

— Rôze advertises Richfield, Potter's committee Atlantic City, the races Saratoga, and the Fitz-John Porter trial West Point. All the other places properly advertise in the newspapers.

— Those garden parties they give at Newport are truly delightful. You sit under the trees and drink tea with spiders in it, and eat cake on which there are ants and other relatives holding a mass-meeting.

— Staten Island wants no sympathy, and is doing as nicely as possible. The St. Mark Hotel is full; so, too, is the Pavilion, and everything is lovely. The goose has attained the elevation prescribed by law.

— Farm-houses have had all the wind taken out of their sails this season by the reduced prices at the hotels, and the farmers are using expressions that would make the hair of a Cardiff Giant stand on ends.

THE newspaper man who writes about "ye local" is only one remove from the hopeless idiot who talks of "wee sma' hours," "creme de la creme," and "dinna ye hear the slogan."—*St. Louis Journal*. And he should be yoked to the chap who uses "launched into eternity" for hanged, and "Reynard" for fox.—*Norristown Herald*. And after his "demise" should be "interred" without "obsequies."—*Rochester Express*.

"I have no objections to talking with a parson," said an Arkansas murderer, "but it seems to me that I need all my time for getting my hair cut for the exhibition at 12 o'clock sharp. I want to look decent before the crowd."—*Free Press*.

AFTER lying down on our back, à la Creedmoor, roosting on the ventilator, and standing on our head, we were so fortunate as to discover which side up one must look at the magnificent wood-cut illustration of Rainbow Falls, Watkins Glen, which appeared in last week's *Livonia Citizen*. It is a noble work of art. We never saw a chromo in any tea store, or on the list of any religious weekly, that could compare with it.—*Rochester Express*.

THE *Graphic* is illustrating live Western towns. Why not Rochester?—*Rochester Express*. How stupid! The expression is not "towns," but "live towns"—quite a difference, you observe.—*Buffalo Express*. Such vanity! And just because the *Buffalo Express* was lucky enough to annex one live man from Rochester to galvanize that moribund village over on Lake Erie.—*Rochester Express*.

A CABBAGE-LEAF never feels so much at home as it does in Eli Perkins's hat.—*Derrick*.

IT is the silent watches of the night that render alarm clocks necessary.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

THE Eastern war is over, but hospitals will be kept running until the last harmed foe expires.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

ANY man pays too much for his whistle when he has to wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

IN Turkey men shed tears without being called unmanly. Let's see—that's where every man is allowed four wives, ain't it?—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

AT all first-class hospitals in this country they soak green corn in paragoric forty-eight hours before giving it to convalescent patients.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

FROM a hint dropped by the Philadelphia *Times* we infer that Mr. Bennett may fit out an expedition to discover Charles Francis Adams—*Oil City Derrick*.

PUCK says: "Hayes's night-caps are frilled; but an anxious world wants to know whether the frilling consists of plain lemon or lemon and whisky."—*Kronikle-Herald*.

GO to the mosquito, ye shiftless; consider his energetic ways and learn gumption. On second thoughts, though, you needn't go. He'll be apt to come.—*Breakfast Table*.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT will invite the press of the whole country to send representatives to the North Pole free of charge.—*Ex. We speak for the bunk next to the stove.*—*Boston Post*.

CINCINNATI has a quarrel with its gas company, and many of its citizens are taking to coal oil. We congratulate the coroner of that city on his prospect for increased fees.—*Kronikle-Herald*.

THE devil, uncaged, is going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; but the watchmen, what of them? They have deserted the walls of Zion, and gone a-fishing.—*Breakfast Table*.

THE parson in the pulpit stands,
His locks are thin and gray;
He bends his head, he clasps his hands,
And springs upon his pray.
—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE weather is so intolerably hot that if the election should come off to-morrow, there isn't a man in this district could stand it to shake hands enough to elect him to Congress.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

KEARNEY, the California Communist, is now on his way East. Poor laboring men sympathizing with the cause represented by Kearney will please prepare to pass over to him a portion of the money they need for bread.—*Kronikle-Herald*.

IF you take one of the new silver dollars, pour a little muriatic acid on the figure of the eagle, and set it out in the sun for twenty minutes, when you come to look at it it will be gone. And the tramp who took it will be gone also.—*Hawkeye*.

WHILE Adam and Eve were yet in Eden, when our fair young grandmother knew there wasn't another living soul in all the wide, wide world but herself and her snoring husband, we don't suppose she ever went to sleep without first looking under the couch of moss and leaves "for a man," and rousing Adam from his first sweet nap to ask him if he was sure he had locked the front door.—*Hawkeye*.

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CHERRIES should be eaten at breakfast.—*Camden Post*. This is probably arranged so that the tidal wave of cholera will reach you about midday, and thus do away with the trouble of waking up the neighbors, and calling the doctor at night.—*Fulton Times*.

THE Southern Democratic press is pained to see the Northern press indulging in "idiocies flings at President Davis." His front name is Jefferson, and a Southern admirer says "the name of this grand old man will be emblazoned on the pages of history." It will, indeed—with the word "traitor" immediately after it.—*Norristown Herald*.

ASIDE from the luxury of bread, corn appears to contain many of the necessities of life. For years it has furnished the basis for a good article of whisky, and now an Iowa man is making from corn the sugar that many hardened people take with their whisky.—*N. O. Picayune*.

THE Shah took thirty-six caskets of gold to Paris and took away only eleven. If he had visited Niagara Falls several years ago with his thirty-six caskets of gold, and remained a week or two, he would have been obliged to borrow ten dollars from a newspaper man to get home.—*Norr. Herald*.

THE Rochester Express says St. Louis is raising a subscription to erect a monument to the author of "Beautiful Snow." Does St. Louis intend to convert itself into a vast cemetery?—have a marble shaft shooting heavenwards every ten feet or so all over the city?—*Norristown Herald*.

SEASIDE LOTS.—Mr. G. Duryee, 176 Broadway, this city, is the general real estate agent for the Point Pleasant Land Company. He will furnish circulars, on application, giving full particulars of the scheme by which it is possible for the fortunate one to secure a lot of land below Long Branch for an investment of \$275.

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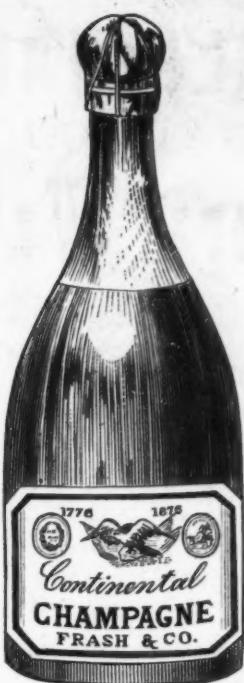


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